

Just a Dream

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Summary: "Your husband is still alive, sis! He didn't leave you alone and pregnant!" Songfic based on Carrie Underwood's Just a dream.

Character death. No actual character death.

## Just a Dream

"Why do you have to go?" She demanded. He sighed and pulled her closer. "I want to protect youâ€¦ and the baby." He said softly, gently rubbing a hand over her abdomen. "We're fine." She said, tears brimming in her eyes. "Yeah, but for how long? I love you and the baby. If something happened to you, I'll blame myself." He said, giving her a tender kiss.

"But I love you more than my life. I can't lose you." She said, sobbing. He gave her another kiss. "I'll be back." He promised. "I'll always love you."

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"Why? Why? Why him? Why?" The girl sobbed. Her sister bit her lip. "My husband got injured, too." She said softly. Her sister whipped her head towards her. "\_My\_ husband died, not yours. Yours is still alive, sis. He didn't leave you alone and pregnant! He didn't leave you to head to his death! I told him I didn't want him going into war, but he said he wanted to protect me and the baby."

She started sobbing again, remembering their wedding day. She was \_all\_ dressed in white, \_like\_ normal brides. She remembered feeling like she was floating on her father's arm, her sister and her mom smiling at them. He'd vowed to always protect her. Always. No he's dead, and she's two months pregnantâ€¦ her sister was four months pregnant, and she almost lost her husband.

She had been hysterical as if \_her\_ husband had died. She had protested when her husband announced he was going into war, also. Now he was injured, one of his best friends dead, all because they were

in the right place at the wrong time.

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\_She heard the trumpets from the military band and the flowers fell out of her hand.\_ "Sis? Are you okay?" Her sister asked her. "How can I be okay? We're right in the middle of my husband's funeral!" She snapped. Her sister bit her lip and nodded, facing the band once again, still clinging to her husband's arm.

He looked dead tired. His head was in bandages, his right arm in a cast. \_I would rather have \_him\_ sitting next to me in that condition. I don't want him to be dead. \_She thought, the tears flowing down her pale, delicate cheeks.

The priest turned to the crowd and said, "\_Let's bow our heads and pray.\_" She bowed her head and heard his last words to her, "\_I'll always love you.\_" \_And I'll always love you. \_She thought, looking at her wedding ring. She hesitated before taking it off and moving it to her right hand. Her heart was filled with pain, pain for her loss, and pain for her unborn child who would never know their wonderful father.

"You'll always have memories, sis. He'll always be with you in your heartâ€| even though he can't be here." Her sister whispered, squeezing her hand. She nodded. "I knowâ€| but I just can't believe he's gone. The babyâ€| how am I supposed to be both a mother and a father? How am I supposed to support it?" She said, rubbing her stomach, her pregnancy just beginning to show.

"We'll help you." Her sister replied, rubbing her swollen belly. She shook her head. "No." She whispered. "Will his wife please come up?" The priest asked. Slowly, she got up and headed towards him. A man stepped forward and \_handed her a folded up flag.\_ \_She held on to what she had left of him.\_ \_And what could have been. \_

She stood there clutching the flag as if someone was going to grab it from her. Then \_the guards rang one last shot. \_She gasped as if \_she\_ had just been shot. Because \_it felt like a bullet to her heart\_. Her sister walked toward her, a difficult thing since she was getting so big, and hugged her tightly.

"It's okay." She whispered soothingly. "It's okay." \_This can't be happening. This is just a dream. \_She thought, her whole body shaking as her family surrounded her and hugged her tightly.

"\_Baby why did you leave me? Why'd you have to go? I was counting on forever nowâ€| I'll never know.\_" She whispered. "\_This is just a dream!"\_ She screamed suddenly. Her sister looked at her sadly. "\_It's just a dream. Just a dream. Just a dream.\_" \_She repeated, sinking down to the floor and hugging herself, sobbing.

\_I will always love you, Bij.\_ She heard him say softly, soothingly. \_And I will always love you, my Hamtaro.\_ She thought. She closed her eyes, and everything went black.

"Hello? Sis?" Someone said, shaking her. She opened her eyes and stared into Nina's, which were full of worry and concern. "Are you okay? You were screaming and I ran here as fast as I could. Which is not very fast." She added with a wan smile, gesturing to her swollen

belly. "Stan did this to me." She mumbled before focusing on her sister again.

"Are you okay? What about the baby? Do you want me to call Hamtaro at work?" Nina asked. Bijou nodded, and then her eyes went wide. "Hamtaro?" She squeaked. "Yeah! your husband, remember?" Her sister said, confused.

Bijou jumped out of bed and ran past her sister, down the stairs, pausing to grab her keys off the table, and ran out the door, her sister shouting after her.

\_It was just a dream.\_ She thought, relieved, as she speed to the construction site Hamtaro worked at. He saw her before she saw him. He ran to her.

"What's wrong, Bij?" He asked worriedly. "Is it the baby?" She hugged him tightly, sobbing. "Oh Hamtaro! It was awful! I dreamed you were died in war!" She sobbed. He rubbed her back.

"Bij, I will never leave you to go to war." He said. "I love you Bijou, you and the baby. How can I protect you if I'm not around you?" He asked. She smiled and kissed him. "I love you Hamtaro." She whispered. He wiped her tears away and tenderly kissed her. "And I love you, Bijou."

End  
file.